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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY
FRANCIS F. BROWNE } Volume XL.
No. 475.

CHICAGO, APRIL 1, 1906.

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BY THE DIAL COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

No. 475. APRIL 1, 1906. Vol. XL.

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THE CARDINAL VIRTUES OF FICTION.

The modern novel is so versatile a thing, and offers so varied an appeal to the interests of its readers, that the determination of criteria for its proper appraisement is made a peculiarly difficult task for the critic. The difficulty is possibly greater than in the case of any other of the recognized literary forms, since a novel may achieve distinction, or at least obtain the vogue which is a temporary equivalent for distinction, in any one of a score of ways. If it

exhibit some particular sort of excellence in a marked degree, it will find its special circle of admirers, who will praise it for that quality alone, caring little for its shortcomings in other directions. And the total public, even of novel-readers who require of themselves some measure of critical accounting for their own tastes, is so vast that it is sure to include enough people to constitute an audience of respectable proportions for almost any author who displays any kind of real ability, no matter how cramped may be its expression.

Nevertheless, out of all the chaos of aim and achievement which is illustrated by modern fiction, it ought to be—it must be—possible to evolve a critical order of some description, to determine certain ideal standards of workmanship, and to classify under a few general captions the enduring elements of the artistic conception embodied in the novel considered as a form of literary production. When one has read some thousands of novels with a view to something more than the entertainment they offer, with what we would call a scientific purpose were it not for the unfortunate associations of the word "science" when mentioned in connection with literary criticism; when one has done this, the essential features of the novel-form gradually emerge from a welter of fugitive impressions, and shape themselves in the reader's consciousness, creating for him a norm to which he will thereafter refer his new impressions, and upon which he will base his judgments. These features or elements we have ventured to call the cardinal virtues of fiction, and will now endeavor to consider them one by one.

The first of the virtues may be called invention, although this single word is inadequate for the expression of our meaning. Some such phrase as "selection of material" would be better, for of invention in the literal sense there is not likely to be much question. The plots have all been used many times over, and even the incidents do not often have the merit of real novelty. Relative novelty is about all that the writer of fiction may hope to achieve, even in the details of his work, while for his main material he is thrown back upon the old motives and complications. For effects which will

produce even the illusion of novelty, his chief reliance must be in the stage-setting rather than in the story, and here, so great is the possible variety of scenes offered by life present and life past, so changeable are the fashions of literature, and so short are the memories of readers, he may succeed in lending a seeming freshness to some tale which in its essence is as old as Rome or Babylon.

Closely allied to the virtue of what we have called invention is that of construction, and in the cultivation of this virtue the artist finds his first real opportunity. The architectonic character of a successful work of fiction is one of its most important features, and not a little of the satisfaction we find in reading a novel comes from the sense that we are following a logical plan, with a nice adjustment of parts, with a careful adaptation of means to ends, and with a steady development of plot-interest up to the moment when the climax is reached. The art of proceeding from climax to conclusion calls for no less thought than the art of working up to the climax, and there is greater danger of scamping this part of the work than any other. To accomplish all that has here been suggested is to be truly creative, not perhaps in the highest sense, but certainly creative in the sense of contributing an element of one's own to the material supplied by the world outside.

Many novels are successful, and deservedly so, by virtue of excellence in these two respects of invention and construction. Theirs is not the most enduring kind of success, but it is one by no means to be despised. It is, moreover, the only kind of success that makes anything approaching an immediate and universal appeal to readers, for the success that eventually sets a work of fiction among the classics of literature is apt to be no more than a *succès d'estime* with the generation that witnesses its production. It is not by the applause of contemporary throngs, but by the judgment of the few, accumulated through following generations, that the world comes to know for the masterpiece that it is such a work as "Don Quixote," or "I Promessi Sposi," or "Wilhelm Meister," or "Tom Jones," or "The Scarlet Letter." Meanwhile, each generation has its own popular fictions, outshining for the time more important works, but neglected by the next generation because lacking in the virtues of the higher sort.

These higher virtues, which are the sure antiseptics of literature, are the virtues of characterization, style, and truth. With the virtue of characterization we reach our own climax, in this

brief critical survey of the essentials of artistic fiction. It is the one absolutely indispensable virtue of the novel that is to be considered seriously, for the pages that do not frame for us figures of men and women who really live, who are even more certainly denizens of the peopled world as our consciousness knows it than are most of the flesh and blood beings whom we jostle (but do not know) in the daily walk of life, then those pages may be excellent literature, but they are assuredly not the pages of an excellent novel. We have said that construction is a creative act, and so it is, but the creative act *par excellence* of the novelist is the shaping of human beings in the moulds of the imagination, and their portrayal in such subtle wise, and with such force of penetrative sympathy, that they take their rightful place among our intimates, becoming perhaps more truly our intimates than those whom we know best in the actual world. Who has not felt, for example, that he has a closer acquaintance with some of the people of Scott's or Thackeray's or George Eliot's creation than with the best of his own personal friends?

The novelist who creates character, then, may be sure that his work will live, however it may fail in practising the other virtues of the fictive art. It is all the better, of course, if inventive and constructive skill be superadded to the power of characterization, and still better if, in further addition, there be exhibited the power of style and the power of truth. By style we mean everything that relates to beauty in its formal aspect, as distinguished from those other aspects of beauty which are the good and the true. Style in the novel may be displayed in many ways. Its most obvious function is found in the descriptive passages, but there is (or may be) exhibited a power of style in the narrative, in the analysis of motive, and even in the direct discourse of the characters. And it must be remembered that although style is one, styles are many, and verbal beauty is equally available for the diverse moods of humor and pathos, of sparkling animation and serious contemplation.

If we find in characterization the supreme creative activity of the novelist, and in style the supreme expression of his feeling for formal beauty, we must turn to truth for the supreme expression of his artistic conscience. And we mean by truth not only the truth of observation and report, of psychological relation and logical process, but also, and even more insistently, the truth that is ethical in its outlook, the truth that respects sanctions, and discerns morality to be in very fact the inmost nature of things. To

embody truth, thus apprehended, whether by reason or by intuition, in the very foundations of his structure, must be the aim of every serious novelist, has been the determination of all the novelists whose works we now hold in honor. Thus fiction and truth, whose names are as the poles, are seen as one and the same thing from this philosophical viewpoint, which "was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof."

The foregoing somewhat abstract discussion may seem to have little relation to fiction as illustrated by the stories one reads from day to day for diversion, or by the publishers' output from year to year. But its relation to fiction in a serious sense, to fiction considered as constituting one of the three principal forms of imaginative literature, is of the most vital character, for it is in accordance with some such analysis as we have here sought to make that the definite literary status of every novel must be fixed. The fact is irrelevant that ninety-nine novels out of every hundred would get no status at all when rated by the tests here proposed. It is with the hundredth novel alone that the student of literature has to deal, and it is highly important that he deal with it upon a clearly-outlined critical plan. We are aware that we have suggested an outline and nothing more, but it is frequently advisable, in criticism as in other intellectual occupations, to recur to first principles, to make sure that our point of departure has been well-chosen, and that we have started in the right direction for the unseen distant goal.

COMMUNICATION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN BRITISH PERIODICALS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the January number of a magazine called "Current Literature" I found that fine, significant poem, "The King's Fool," by Mr. William J. Neidig, printed with the following editorial introduction:

"The stanzas below come from one of the British periodicals. We have neglected to make a record of the name."

Chancing to open, just now, a new periodical entitled "The Shakespeare Monthly and Library Companion," I find Mr. Aldrich's well-known lines, "Gulielmus Rex," printed under the caption "The Unknown Shakespeare," with this preliminary note:

"To the Editor:—The following was clipped from an Irish newspaper of recent date. The writer's name is not given. If you think it worthy of a place," etc., etc. The vicarious modesty of the "if you think it worthy" is touching!

Query: Is there a syndicate engaged in "conveying" American literature to British periodicals?

M. B. A.

Stanford University, March 20, 1906.

The New Books.

SANDWICH ISLAND SOUVENIRS.*

To the Sandwich Islands, as they were then commonly called, there went in 1831 a young missionary, David Belden Lyman, of New Hartford, Connecticut. To share his labors in christianizing the heathen he took with him his newly-wedded wife, a Green Mountain girl from Royalton, Vermont. Of this good New England parentage was born, four years later, at Hilo on the island of Hawaii, the author of the volume under review, Dr. Henry Munson Lyman. Like so many of the early missionaries sent out by the American Board, the elder Lyman was educated at Williams College, the birthplace of the foreign-mission movement, and at Andover Theological Seminary. And to Williams came in course of time the son also for his college training. An early page of his book gives a view of Kellogg Hall, now no more, which older graduates will contemplate with pleasant memories, and with ready recognition notwithstanding the omission of its name on the plate and in the text.

"Hawaiian Yesterdays" is the story of a strenuous life amid the rudest surroundings. The semi-savagery of the natives, the lack of the commonest domestic conveniences, the heart-breaking remoteness from civilization and friends, the practical certainty of never more revisiting the scenes of childhood and youth, made a Hawaiian missionary's calling a serious one indeed. Some of its features have recently been well portrayed in the biography of General Armstrong, whose father's term of service at Honolulu synchronized in large part with the Rev. David Lyman's labors at Hilo. The present picture of Hawaiian life introduces another portion of the archipelago, and, keeping the more serious and sometimes tragic elements in the background, gives in a most interesting way the youthful impressions and occupations and amusements of the writer. Indeed, not a few of his pages, in their graphic account of ingenious adaptation of means to ends, are agreeably reminiscent—unintentionally reminiscent, no doubt—of that classic of our childhood, "The Swiss Family Robinson." Could a reviewer bestow higher praise? A notable instance of Yankee ingenuity and thrift occurs in an early chapter. The General Meeting of the Hawaiian mission was an annual convention of missionaries and their wives for spiritual

*HAWAIIAN YESTERDAYS. Chapters from a Boy's Life in the Islands in the Early Days. By Henry M. Lyman, M.D. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

quickenings, and also for the supplying of bodily needs out of such cargoes as had arrived from Boston in the preceding twelve months.

"On a certain occasion, the Reverend Mr. Richards arrived from his station at Lahaina, only in time to ascertain that the last vestige of clothing had been distributed, leaving him literally 'out in the cold.' This was a dreadful disappointment, for his only pair of black trousers was in the last stage of disintegration; and in what other color could he appear before the Lord as an honored and God-fearing ecclesiastic? His excellent wife came cheerfully to the rescue, bringing forth from some hidden store an old black satin shirt — treasured memento of youthful gaiety and worldly pleasure. This long-discarded article was now offered again upon the altar of sacrifice, and under the housewife's deft manipulation reappeared once more upon the stage of active life, transformed into a suit of staid and sombre hue — a thoroughly regulated specimen of a genuinely evangelical pattern. But alas for poor human nature! The incident was eagerly caught up by the profane beach-combers of Honolulu, and all along the seacoast of New England was recited the story of the luxury in which Hawaiian missionaries were living. 'Why, their clothes are made of nothing less expensive than the costliest silks and satins!'

This same Mr. Richards was the hero of a baptismal episode too amusing to omit. A native couple, the proud parents of an infant boy, on presenting the child for baptism and being asked what name they had chosen for their son and heir, promptly replied, "Beelzebub." Only after grave remonstrance would they relinquish their choice. The name they finally insisted upon as a substitute was "Mr. Richards," for that was certainly the name of a good man if the other was not; and so the babe was christened "Mr. Richards."

David Lyman early started a school for native boys at Hilo, handing over his pastoral duties to the Rev. Titus Coan, father of the now better-known Dr. Titus Munson Coan, our author's playmate and lifelong friend. With this comrade, or with the boys of the school and their teacher, the writer made exploring tours about the island and to the volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa in the interior. Noteworthy, among other things, is the absence of those countless forms of reptile and insect life that might have made such excursions in a tropical climate unpleasant if not dangerous. These happy conditions have now, it appears, been somewhat changed for the worse by the importation of the mosquito, along with other accompaniments of civilization. A description of Kilauea in action, as viewed from the crater's edge, will perhaps be welcome to those unfamiliar with such spectacles.

"Over the recently hardened lava we traveled nearly half a mile, coming suddenly upon the level margin of

the lake of fire. This was a circular pool, fully a thousand feet in diameter, surrounded by a wall of rock, so that as we stood upon the brink the melted lava was fifteen or twenty feet below us. Its whole mass was in motion, furiously bubbling and boiling, and dashing up waves of red-hot foam and spray. Sometimes there would be a partial calm, as of the sea after a storm; a considerable portion of the surface would freeze over with smooth hard lava, such as we had under foot; but in a few minutes there would be a violent outbreak, and the broad field would split open across its whole extent, allowing the melted rock to rise through the crevices like water coming up over the ice on a river during a freshet in the Spring of the year. Huge cakes of solid lava would tilt up on end, slowly turning over, and finally disappearing in a tremendous whirlpool of fiery surf thrown up from below. This exhibition was being continually renewed all over the lake, while we stood chained to the spot, and lost in admiration of the awful spectacle, till an unusually vigorous outburst, surging forth from under the banks, warned us that we were upon an overhanging table-rock which might be hurled at any moment into the sea of fire."

The author, after being well started in book-learning by his mother, attended the Reverend Daniel Dole's school for mission children at Punahou, near Honolulu. The teacher's name will call to mind ex-Governor Sanford B. Dole, his son, who (another parallelism) came also to Massachusetts and to Williams College to finish his education. Other helpful influences besides those of school and mission chapel were not wanting to the Lymans. Travellers of distinction sought shelter from time to time under the missionary's roof. In this way acquaintance was made with the geologist Dana, with Professor Chester S. Lyman of Yale, with Richard H. Dana, Jr., Henry T. Cheever, Miss Isabella Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, Lady Franklin, Mrs. Brassey, and others. The writer's experiences were enlarged also by considerable work as a land-surveyor at the age of sixteen, when he received a government appointment through a friend's intercession. Soon afterward he took passage in a whaler for New Bedford and a Massachusetts college, sailing round Cape Horn, of course, and spending one hundred and forty days at sea. Two sperm whales were taken just after the Cape was doubled, and sundry other incidents diversified the voyage. If the earlier chapters recall the famous adventures of the Robinson family, the later pages occasionally remind one of the equally interesting experiences narrated by the author of "Two Years before the Mast."

Some few matters for criticism, unimportant in themselves, but perhaps noteworthy to a careful reviewer, may be briefly set down in closing. When, in describing his voyage round the Horn, the writer speaks of "Oceanus and

Varuna, with their joyous cohort, . . . rising from repose beneath the purple sea," he allows himself a mixture of mythologies that might have been avoided with the same propriety that forbids a mixture of metaphors. A Hawaiian youth of unusual vocal power is said to be "blessed with the lungs of a stentor." Why is our Homeric herald thus relegated to the category of common nouns? A mountain gorge is called a "canon"—with no *tilde* over the *n*. If the printer's font lacked this character, the word could easily, and very properly, have been spelled "canyon." "Cadavoric" is perhaps a mere misprint; "dicipline" certainly is. Calling the porpoise a fish may be suffered to pass as a bit of literary license. The book is well illustrated, although some of the plates, from paintings by Miss Gordon Cumming, are less excellent technically than they are interesting for other reasons. From cover to cover the book is entertaining, and we trust its writer's cheerful yesterdays may be followed by many confident to-morrows.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS WORK.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds is, and must remain, easily the first portrait painter of the eighteenth century, and his portraits are universally acknowledged to be among the best ever painted. He can therefore, without danger, be brought into close contrast with the illustrious portrait painters that preceded him, while none who have come after have approached the wide scope and broad powers that were undeniably his. That his portraits are often flattered likenesses, as was charged in Reynolds's own day, is undoubtedly true; but he never sacrificed character to flattery, not even in his portraits of women, where it was most often exercised. In many of his male portraits, he is a pronounced, almost a brutal, realist, not even saving himself,—as witness, in one of his self-portraits he wears spectacles, in another he holds his ear-trumpet, and in a third has his hand to his ear in the attitude of listening, each of these details marking his infirmities, either of sight or of hearing; recall also that great portrait of Doctor Johnson holding a book

close to his eyes, which "Ursa Major" remonstrated against as preserving a record of his near-sightedness, saying to Mrs. Thrale: "Reynolds may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be Blinking Sam in the eyes of posterity." Such an objection coming from Johnson seems odd, in view of the answer he once gave to Boswell's question as to what was the first merit of a portrait,—"Truth, Sir, is of the greatest value in these things."

Flattery or no flattery, there can be no question in the mind of anyone familiar with Reynolds's work that his portraits of the men and women of his time enable one to live those times over again with them. His power of characterization was so strong, and he had such an agile hand to fix it as quickly as it was discerned, that each portrait he has given us, in all the enormous number he painted, is the portrait of the individual limned. Other painters executed portraits of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Sterne, and of many other notable characters; but in Reynolds's portraits of these personages we know that we see the men before us as they appeared to their friends and contemporaries, and we read their characters in their faces as we have read them in their lives and writings.

There never was a painter who had the power of giving such distinction to his portraits as Reynolds had; and it is quite remarkable that this should be so, considering that he was not an impeccable draughtsman. But he did possess to a marked degree that intangible quality called *taste*, which made him avoid whatever was commonplace or conventional in pose and arrangement, and always gave grace and dignity to his work. Reynolds had other defects as a painter besides his frequent bad drawing, which we cannot help thinking, in view of the superb drawing in some of his pictures (especially the Lord Heathfield and the Doctor Johnson in the National Gallery), was due to haste and carelessness; while some of it may be owing to the fact that he never drew with charcoal but painted in with the full brush from the start. His portraits sometimes lack solidity and seriousness, and his mania for experimenting with colors has led to the fading and cracking of his work to a lamentable degree, so that his fame, especially as a colorist, rests largely upon the testimony of those who saw his works fresh from the easel or comparatively soon after, before time and the restorer together had helped to ruin them. He and the art-loving public also owe a large debt of gratitude to the masterful mezzotint scrapers of his time, who have handed down his works in

* SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, First President of the Royal Academy. By Sir Walter Armstrong. Popular edition. Illustrated. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. By William B. Boulton. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

DISCOURSES delivered to the students of the Royal Academy. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, Kt. With Introduction and Notes by Roger Fry. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

the beautiful black and white translations we all know so well, and thus preserved what otherwise would have been in great part lost.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has been "written up" almost to death. Biographies, studies, and monographs upon him are legion,—from those written by his contemporaries who knew him, such as Northcote, Farington, Mason, and Malone, followed by Cunningham, Cotton, Leslie, and Taylor, down to the present time, when the latest are the volumes by Sir Walter Armstrong and by Mr. W. B. Boulton. His Discourses, too, have been many times printed and reprinted, translated and edited; notwithstanding which we now have a new edition with notes by Mr. Roger Fry. Sir Joshua can therefore hardly be called, personally or professionally, an unknown quantity, and his character has always been held up as altogether admirable and signally free from taint, except in the writings of the two Scotchmen who have written about him, Allan Cunningham and Sir Walter Armstrong, each of whom seems to nurture some uncanny Scotch malevolence against him. I have tried to discover if there could be any national reason for this strange antipathy, but can find none; and were it not for the coincidence that it is only Scotchmen who have decried him, it would not be worth mentioning.

The volume by Sir Walter Armstrong is a republication, without revision (which is a pity, considering that the Graves and Cronin "History of the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds" has since appeared and would have cleared up some doubtful attributions of ownership, etc.), of a luxurious folio issued in 1900, which contained an important catalogue of Sir Joshua's work, quite the most valuable part of the volume, but which unfortunately is omitted from the reprint. This is particularly bad, as on page 164 of the reprint, in a note to the paintings of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," the reader is referred to the catalogue: "For some further details bearing on their history, see the Catalogue at the end of this volume." But *non est*. A folio is such an inconvenient volume to read, that I had not tackled the original edition, and so was ready to welcome eagerly its republication in handy size. What was my dismay on finding that Sir Walter's point of view as to Reynolds's life and character was, to say the least, unusual and equally untenable. His whole aim seems to be to belittle and disparage Sir Joshua as a man, and as a result to lessen the potentiality of his art. As Mr. Fry well says in his introduction to the Discourses: "Of Reynolds the man there

is no need to speak here at length; the outlines of his character are so simple, so familiar, they have been retraced so often by his contemporaries and successors, and that with such a remarkable uniformity of commendation—if we except a few spiteful phrases in Cunningham's Life and the singular view of his actions taken by Sir Walter Armstrong—that to repeat them here again would be superfluous. One need only refer to the rounded completeness and harmony, the deliberation and method he showed in all his undertakings, and the freedom from all that is petty or narrow, which distinguished him in life as much as in art and made each so nicely complementary to the other." What is the message conveyed by a picture, depends wholly upon the point of view of the beholder; and whether that message is the one intended by the painter, or the very reverse, depends likewise upon how near alike are the view-points of the painter and of the observer. Now Sir Joshua's point of view and Sir Walter's are as far apart as the antipodes. Were this not so it would be impossible for Sir Walter to see Sir Joshua as he has drawn him; and such being the case, while Sir Walter's views of Sir Joshua, both as a man and as an artist, may be perfectly satisfactory to him, they will satisfy no unbiased student of the life and works of the First President of the Royal Academy of Arts. Sir Walter seems to think it a crime for a man to be well balanced, temperate, and calm.

To an analytical criticism of the two Scotch detractors of Reynolds, Mr. Boulton devotes ten pages of his volume. Of the first, he says (p. 314): "To this account of the painter, he [Allan Cunningham] brought no single fact that was not already preserved in the lives by Northcote and Malone, but he deliberately took the plain tales of those writers and treated them with an ingenuity of perversion which is altogether extraordinary." Of the second, he writes (p. 317): "The latest and most notable of the critics of Reynolds's character is Sir Walter Armstrong, who in that fine volume published in 1900 arrives at much the same estimate of the man as Allan Cunningham. It is needless, however, to say that his views are expressed without any of Cunningham's rancour, and that they are the result of an obvious endeavor to be just. The present writer is none the less convinced that Sir Walter is completely mistaken in the opinion he has formed of Reynolds's personality." And as a final and impartial judgment upon Reynolds's character, by one who, all will admit, "knew the times better than

most and was gifted beyond the ordinary with an insight into the hearts of men and women," Mr. Boulton ends his volume with Thackeray's words: "I declare, I think of all the polite men of that age Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman."

It is a wonder that Sir Walter did not, following the fashion of the present day when a man is to be flayed by his biographer, call his book "*The True Sir Joshua Reynolds.*" Then we should have known what to expect. We might, indeed, have been prepared for something of the kind by the "Author's Note." "If my estimate of his character is found to differ in essential points from that usually accepted, I can only say that it has been formed after a very careful weighing of the evidence." This "careful weighing of the evidence" would imply the exercise of the judicial spirit, which is precisely what is most wanting in Sir Walter's pages, and stamps his estimate of Reynolds's character as both narrow and perverted. One trouble with Sir Walter is his utter inability to assimilate the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. He is a twentieth centurion to the back-bone, with no sentiment and no imagination.

The styles of these volumes are as different as their treatment. The first is marred by the bad taste of attempting to be funny when treating of serious matters, and the constant injection of foreign words and phrases in a "polly show your larnin'" manner, when "the well of English undefiled" would have served a better purpose; together with the use of obsolete words and careless repetitions, as where, on page 122, Sheridan's play "A Trip to Scarborough" is mentioned as a "toned-down version of Vanbrugh's Relapse," and four pages later we read "The Trip to Scarborough, Sheridan's version of Vanbrugh's Relapse."

The second is altogether a delightful book, well flavored with the atmosphere of the times, and generally well written, but with some passages quite involved and obscure, so as to require a careful re-reading to ascertain the sense. Mr. Boulton has culled judiciously from what has been written about Reynolds by those who knew and understood him, as well as by those who did not, and the result is eminently satisfactory; while his final chapters, on "The Artist" and on "The Man," are thoroughly convincing. He has a refined critical sense, and does Sir Joshua, both as a man and as an artist, ample justice, without in any way becoming a servile eulogist. While the work of Leslie and Taylor must remain the best source for an original study of

Reynolds, this volume is easily the best general survey that we know.

The third work is written in that clear and terse English for which Reynolds's Discourses have ever been distinguished, and which has put into the heads of some people the thought that Johnson or Burke had a hand in their composition,—on hearing which the gruff old lexicographer exclaimed, "Reynolds would as soon require me to paint for him as to write." Mr. Fry's reason for this new edition of the Discourses we cordially endorse. He writes: "The present edition has been undertaken from a belief that their value still persists, that the Discourses are not merely a curious and entertaining example of eighteenth century literature, but that they contain principles and exhibit a mental attitude which are of the highest value to the artist." Mr. Fry has written a general introduction to the body of Discourses, and a separate special introduction to each discourse; and he advises that these introductions, as they are really commentaries, should be read after and not before the discourse itself. He has also supplied lucid critical notes to the reproductions of those paintings which Reynolds especially considered noteworthy, and his work is well done and exceedingly valuable.

While Reynolds's political opinions are not of much consequence at this day, yet one phase of them is of some interest on this side of the ocean. He was a stanch Whig and a friend of the colonies. Copley has received the credit of having given Sir Joshua this bias; but if he did, it was doubtless much strengthened by his familiar intercourse with Edmund Burke. However this may be, it is amusing to note that when Townsend, the father of the Stamp Act bill, sat to Reynolds, they wrangled over the colonies, and the artist bet the politician (who was boasting that the arch-rebel Washington would soon be brought to England a prisoner, and that he would bring him to Sir Joshua to paint his portrait) that Washington would never enter his studio. The bet, which was five pounds against a thousand, made quite a sensation in London, and Reynolds was forced to repeat it a score of times, on the same terms, to his own advantage.

Reynolds was as careless in signing his pictures as have been other painters of past times. He is known to have signed but two canvases, the "Mrs. Siddons" and "Lady Cockburn with her Children." Sir Walter Armstrong claims that this assertion "is not strictly true"; but he fails to instance other signed pictures to sustain the correctness of his assertion, which he

certainly should have done did he know them. Our own Stuart is known to have signed but two canvases also ; and it is pertinent to inquire here, where is Stuart's portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for Boydell ?

Although these three volumes bear the imprints of American houses, they are of English manufacture, and unfortunately have the fault, so common in transatlantic publications, of inadequate indexing, while possessing the usual English excellence of typography and illustrations.

CHARLES HENRY HART.

WHAT IS IMMORTALITY?*

The Ingersoll Lecture for 1906 was delivered by Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, Professor of Physical Chemistry at Leipzig, and temporary Professor at Harvard. The perennial subject of this now celebrated lectureship is "The Immortality of Man"; and if Professor Ostwald's treatment of it does remind us of the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland, it at any rate represents the matured opinions of a scientific man of preëminent ability, and as such deserves and will receive widespread attention.

At the very outset, the lecturer calls attention to the fact that our knowledge "is an incomplete piece of patchwork"; but, he adds, each one is bound to make the best possible use of it, such as it is, never forgetting that it may at any time be superseded by new discoveries or ideas. In this truly scientific spirit, very remote from the dogmatism of the churches, Professor Ostwald proceeds to consider what immortality may be supposed to be, and what reasons we have for believing in it.

The argument runs something like this : Memory, in a broad sense, is characteristic of all organic life, but man differs from all the other creatures in the much greater development of this power, whereby his culture and adaptability become possible. Memory links the past with the present, and makes possible psychical continuity. Heredity may be regarded as an analogous phenomenon, and hence, so long as the race remains alive, it may be regarded as one, like the individual. This physical "immortality" appears to have no necessary ending, but it is easy to conceive of the destruction of all individuals living upon the earth; and given time enough, such destruction appears certain. This, however, is not really the soft of immortality

we are seeking, and we turn to consider other types of persistence. It is generally said that matter and energy cannot be created or destroyed; but this means, merely, that the sum-totals are supposed to remain the same, the individuality of particular portions of these things being continually subject to change and disappearance. We do not actually *know* that mass and energy are unchangeable in amount; and given eternity, the probability may be equally strong for or against any statement based upon human experience. The prevalent conception of the eternity of the elementary bodies has been rudely shaken of late; and, in fact, it appears that there is a whole series of such bodies, persisting for varying periods, from a few seconds to many millions of years; or, for practical purposes, forever. But whatever may be true concerning these things, they do not throw any light on human immortality, because there is no permanence of individuality. There is an irresistible tendency towards diffusion and homogeneity, and this is equally true of man. There is also perpetual change, so that what we call the persistence of individuality in ordinary life means only the continuity of a series of changes. Survival after death does not necessarily imply immortality; it may be regarded in two ways, either as continuity of changes or as the passage into a transcendent state in which there is no further change, and time and space cease to have any meaning. In the latter case, we have what is practically equivalent to annihilation; in the former, we have the prolongation of that which, in the case of persons who have reached old age, appears to have already run its course, so that death is simply the doing away with something which has ceased to have any reason for living. Socially, we may speak of the "immortals," whose works live after them, but even they must fade from memory as distinct individuals, sooner or later. Finally, if we give up the idea of personal immortality, we may perhaps be led thereby to a higher ethical plane; for we shall see that our real continuity is in the human race, and shall thus be led to identify ourselves more and more with it; and so the lecturer concludes :

"Beside the fact of inherited taint there exists the fact of inherited perfection, and every advance which we, by the sweat of our brows, may succeed in making towards our own perfection is so much gain for our children and our children's children forever. I must confess that I can think of no grander perspective of immortality than this."

The discussion is an interesting one, both from its statement of scientific views and from the glimpse it affords of the mind of the author.

* INDIVIDUALITY AND IMMORTALITY. By Wilhelm Ostwald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.

It is, nevertheless, strangely incomplete, almost ignoring the deeper questions at issue. What does Professor Ostwald mean by "forever" in the last quotation? If it is not a piece of mere rhetoric, it is incorrect in the light of one of the most assured prophecies of science that the human race *must* sooner or later come to an end. This earth cannot perpetually revolve in the same orbit, warmed by the same sun; for even solar systems have but their little day. Where, then, is the promise of immortality; and, in the light of eternity, what greater value have the days of humanity collectively, than those of single individuals?

What, after all, are the attributes of personality? *Personality is able to experience; it is that which experiences.* Says Professor Ostwald: "If we recall the happiest moments of our lives, they will be found in every case to be connected with a curious loss of personality. In the happiness of love this fact will be at once discovered. And if you are enjoying intensely a work of art, a symphony of Beethoven's, for example, you find yourself relieved of the burden of personality and carried away by the stream of music as a drop is carried by a wave." What a curious misconception! In the moments of the most intense feeling, personality is said to be lost! On the contrary, it reaches its highest power, and is found indeed. The confusion comes from a materialistic conception of individuality which underlies the whole argument. Objectively, to the ordinary individual, Professor Ostwald is a professor at Leipzig, and a great chemist. When he hears beautiful music, or sees a charming landscape, he totally forgets, for the moment, that he is either of the things just mentioned; he forgets his name, his age, his nationality. Has he then lost himself in the process? By no means; he has, on the contrary, found what is most fundamental in his being; and has, in the act, proved himself independent of the accessories which in ordinary life seem of first importance.

Tested in the same way, the assertion that mental life is conditioned by bodily existence assumes a quite different meaning. If personality is that which experiences, and if it can reside in time and space, must it not experience those things which time and space afford? What I may see and feel at any given time depends upon what is there, and it makes no difference to the argument whether the "things" are "things in themselves" or projections of my own imagination. To show that there is no immortality, it is necessary to show that experience

ends, while the material for experience continues. This, of course, is beyond demonstration.

The linking of the present with the past is logically explicable only on the view that the present contains that which embodies the past. Strictly speaking, when we "remember" what happened last week, we become aware of what has been recorded in the brain, just as we might learn by reading the contents of a book. When the past shall have ceased to be exhibited in the present, it will have departed indeed; but it is science herself who denies this very possibility, asserting that effect implies cause, *ad infinitum*. Personality, existing always in the present, moves rather than is prolonged in time, and hence cannot be conceived to be submerged in it. But in the succession of experiences which make up conscious life, this or that may occupy the field, and we know not what we are destined to "remember," what to "forget." It is a great mystery, but one which every hour of ordinary existence affords, on a small scale.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

FROM ANDREW JACKSON TO
ANDREW JOHNSON.*

A new style of biography was introduced to the world of letters a few years since, by Mr. Burton Alva Konkle, in the "Life and Times of William Smith," a Pennsylvania patriot, Revolutionary soldier, and later judge of the State Superior Court. The novelty of Mr. Konkle's method lies in the introduction of matter not pertaining to the activities of the man of whom he is writing, but serving as a background for his entire career. What was done for eastern Pennsylvania in that attempt has now been duplicated for Pittsburg and western Pennsylvania by Mr. Konkle in a two-volume "Life and Speeches of Thomas Williams," a statesman of that region. By extracts from contemporary descriptions, the reader is given a conception of the economic and social conditions which Williams met at different times of his life. The work is a local history of Pennsylvania projected on a biographical background. In his preface, the author announces another similar biography, this time upon "a conservative Democratic leader," a contemporary of Williams.

The advantage of the author's method lies

* *LIFE AND SPEECHES OF THOMAS WILLIAMS, Orator, Statesman, and Jurist, 1806-1872.* By Burton Alva Konkle. In two volumes. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Campion & Co.

in the chance that some reader uninterested in the man may be attracted by the local history. On the other hand, it requires the introduction of a vast amount of extraneous matter not properly belonging to biography. The life of Williams, for example, is drawn out to more than seven hundred pages, largely by reprints of his speeches and pamphlets on the policy of the city of Pittsburgh in making subscriptions to the construction of railways entering it. This was purely a local matter, and one that has not left an impress upon national history. The introduction of an almost equally long description of the "buck-shot war" in Pennsylvania has more warrant, because that event was closely connected with national politics.

Much more valuable than the many reprinted pamphlets and speeches of Thomas Williams, and even of greater moment than the local history with which he was associated, are his letters, which by this method have been relegated to the background, and for the most part are represented by extracts only. A full collection of the letters of this "founder of the Whig and Republican parties," as the author modestly dubs him, or even the subjection of other matter to the letters, would have resulted in a most interesting commentary on public men and matters between 1830 and 1870. A rare glimpse of President Jackson is given in a letter from Williams in Washington, whither he had gone with a Pittsburgh delegation to protest (think of the courage it required!) against the removal of the deposits from the United States bank. The men were scarcely seated in the White House when the General opened his batteries and poured forth a volley of abuse. "Little as I had been in the habit of contemplating him to be," says the letter, "I confess I was amazed, shocked at an exhibition of coarseness & vulgarity which I had not been prepared to expect. There was an utter want of that dignity which overawes impertinence & enforces respect. He even so far forgot his high station as to contradict flatly our representative, Mr. Denny, & to assert that he knew more about the condition of the State Banks than all of us together."

Like Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Williams retired from politics after the Mexican war, but re-entered because of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He took an active part in the Republican Convention of 1856, and drew the call for the Convention of 1860 to meet in Chicago. At the time of writing this call he was a visitor to Washington, where sectional passion was at its height in the contest over the

election of a Speaker of the House. "It was," said he, "in the very midst of the tempest and fury of denunciation on the floor of Congress, and while the Council Chamber of the Nation was ringing with the treason, which the galleries were applauding to the echo, that the invocation to the friends of Union, which is to be found in the call that gathered the people at Chicago, was penned by my own hand."

During construction times in Congress, Williams allied himself with the Radicals, although not so extreme in policy as Stevens and his crowd. Writing to his wife in 1866, he said that a strong disposition existed to impeach President Johnson. "No one has any respect for and nobody goes to see him. If we could feel sure of the Senate, there would be no hesitation about the matter." Again, in describing a refusal to dine with the president, Williams says he does not care to sit down at table with any man for whom he has no personal respect, — "one who has betrayed his friends and taken to his bosom the worst and vilest of his country's enemies." Williams was one of the managers of the impeachment trial of Johnson, and bitterly regretted the failure to convict.

The two volumes seem passably free from *errata*. A strange mistake appears (page 726) in the statement that Andrew Johnson was not impeached; that to secure impeachment required a two-thirds vote of the Senate. The author evidently confuses impeachment with conviction. Johnson was impeached by vote of the House, February 24, 1868. The illustrations are of unusual value, embracing reproductions of contemporary cartoons, cuts, and facsimiles of manuscripts and invitations. Few of these have been heretofore reproduced.

EDWIN E. SPARKS.

THE CITY AS DEMOCRACY'S HOPE.*

It is difficult to review dispassionately a book one could wish he had written himself, but in a country where everyone professes to believe in democracy it is both a privilege and a duty to announce a genuine herald. Those of us whose faith has remained undiminished must rejoice in such an effective and concrete exposition as Mr. Howe's volume on "The City" in an era of skepticism and flippancy. As the author says, "Distrust of democracy has inspired much of the literature on the city. Distrust of democ-

*THE CITY, THE HOPE OF DEMOCRACY. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

racy has dictated most of our city laws. . . . Our charters have been drawn on the supposition that all officials were to be distrusted, rather than that all officials were to be held to account." The confusion about municipal corruption is of a kind with the doubts about democracy. We have been neither frank nor scientific enough to go to the root of the problem—economic self-interest.

"We do not question this motive in the saloonkeeper who organizes his precinct for a liberal Sunday. His politics are not ethical, they are due to self-interest. The same instinct is reflected, consciously or unconsciously, in the leaders of finance, the franchise seekers, the banker and the broker, the lawyer and the press; all are fearful of democracy, when democracy dares to believe in itself. We all know that economic self-interest determines the politics of the saloon. We are beginning to realize that the same self-interest is the politics of big business. This realization explains the awakening of democracy, which is taking place in city and state all over the land."

Privilege and democracy cannot thrive together. The spoils system is undemocratic: it is petty privilege. Franchise-grabbing is not only undemocratic, it is anti-democratic. Inflated values based on a social gift "is the price that all our cities are paying to those who have required this gift by overturning our institutions. It is the price which many insist we should continue to pay because of the alleged greater efficiency of private enterprise, and the fear that democracy is not equal to the additional burdens involved in the assumption of new obligations."

The subordination of private interest to public welfare is to be achieved, according to Mr. Howe, by the extension of municipal functions and the appropriation of the unearned increment. In the first instance the transformation is imminent.

"But that the private activities of today will become the public ones of tomorrow is inevitable. The crèche, kindergarten, the settlement, playgrounds, public baths, lodging houses, hospitals, were inspired by private philanthropy. They are slowly passing under public control. . . . Today the city protects his [the citizen's] life and property from injury. It safeguards his health in countless ways. It oversees his house construction and protects him from fire. It cleans and lights his streets, collects his garbage, supplies him with employees through free employment bureaus. It educates his children, supplies them with books and in many instances with food. It offers him a library and through the opening of branches almost brings it to his door. It offers nature in the parks; supplies him with opportunities for recreation and pleasure through concerts, lectures, and the like. It maintains a public market; administers justice; supplies nurses, physicians and hospital service, as well as a cemetery for burial. It takes the refuse from his door and brings back water, gas and frequently [?] heating power at the same time. It inspects his food, protects his life and that of his children

through public oversight of the conditions of factory labor. It safeguards him from contagious diseases, facilitates communication upon the streets, and in some instances offers opportunities for higher technical and professional education. . . .

"All these intrusions into the field of private business have involved no loss of freedom to the individual. Every increase of public activity has, in fact, added to personal freedom. Whatever the motive, the real liberty of the individual has been immeasurably enlarged through the assumption of these activities by the city. . . .

"And all this has been achieved at an insignificant cost. The expenditure of the average city of over a quarter of a million inhabitants ranges from sixteen dollars to thirty-four dollars per capita, or from sixty dollars to one hundred and thirty-six dollars per family, a sum which would scarcely pay for the education of a single child at a private institution."

Yet these privileges are trifling compared with what might be enjoyed if the public possessed what the city has given away. "The value of the physical property of the seven traction companies in Chicago has been appraised at \$44,922,011; while the market value of the securities issued by the corporations amounts to \$120,235,539; the public debt of the city in 1900 was \$32,989,819, or \$42,323,709 less than the value of the franchises of the traction interests alone."

Mr. Howe's application of the single tax seems particularly plausible as a means of providing revenue for the unremunerative functions which the public service corporations gladly accord the city as legitimate municipal activities.

"Its immediate effect would be a stimulus to building. It would at once increase the house supply, it would encourage improvements which would then go untaxed. Moreover it would force land now lying idle into productive use. It would encourage the honorable and punish the slum landlord. It would place a premium upon the model tenement and a penalty on the shack. . . . Such a change could be inaugurated in any city by a law or ordinance exempting all improvements and personal property from taxation. . . . It seems destined by nature as a means of compensation for the costs of municipal life. . . . During the years from 1885 to 1900 inclusive, in San Francisco, the total taxes levied for city, county, and state purposes upon real estate, improvements and personal property was \$84,252,058, at the average rate of \$5,265,753 per year. This is very much less than the annual speculative increase in the land alone. . . . In New York the increase in land values from 1904 to 1905 was \$140,000,000, or \$20,000,000 more than the value of all the offices, hotels, apartment houses, and other structures erected during the year. While labor and capital added \$120,000,000 to the city's wealth, the growth of population created \$140,000,000."

It is ungracious to find fault with such an invaluable contribution to municipal literature, but if democracy is to be attained it will be by eternal vigilance and exactness in the face of the

alert and often unscrupulous critic. Mr. Howe is guileless when he accepts President Eliot's approval of the St. Louis school system, which though not corrupt is autocratic, and hence tends to perpetuate municipal corruption by administrative inexperience. His democracy concedes too much when he says: "If our cities must be governed by a boss, it is most desirable that he be an elective one." His enthusiasm for home rule causes him to ignore superior functional organization when he demands factory inspection as a municipal function, whereas if it is not well done by the state the logical change would be to federal, not local, administration. He appropriates himself an unearned increment when he gives to one of his chapters the title "The City for the People," without crediting Professor Frank Parsons with the authorship of that splendid phrase,—a species of literary piracy that is growing too common among our municipal writers.

These are slips made conspicuous by the unusual excellence of this most valuable of recent contributions to municipal subjects. Seldom does a writer so successfully justify an ambitious title; rarely is a sentiment which to many must be a contradiction, so ably defended; and only at crucial epochs is it the privilege of a reformer to seize the psychological moment as Mr. Howe seems to have done in his critical and prophetic claim that the city, hitherto abused by all of its enemies and many of its friends, is the hope of democracy.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

TRAVELLERS IN MANY LANDS.*

In reviewing books of travel and description it is hardly worth the space to say that they are well illustrated. Modern photography and the art of half-tone reproduction have been so perfected that we are generally sure of getting excellent results. Indeed, many books are now issued solely for their illustrations;

* FLASHLIGHTS IN THE JUNGLE. By C. G. Schillings. Translated by Frederick Whyte. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A YANKEE IN PYGMY LAND. By William Edgar Geil. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN THE DESERT. By L. March Phillipa. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

IN FURTHER ARDENNE. By the Reverend T. H. Passmore. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A LEVANTINE LOG BOOK. By Jerome Hart. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

TIBET AND TURKESTAN. By Oscar Terry Crosby, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE GREAT PLATEAU. By Captain C. G. Rawling. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

NEW EGYPT. By A. B. De Guerville. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE HIGH-ROAD OF EMPIRE. By A. H. Hallam Murray. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

tions; the text is a sort of pack-horse that limps under the burden of the be-pictured leaves. Such a lavish use of illustrations inclines one to depend upon them for a record of the things seen, rather than upon the reading matter. Out of this fact arises an interesting question: Has the descriptive power of writers declined with the rise of the art of photography? May not the writer of books of travel feel that the camera makes sufficient evidence of what he has seen, and that laborious descriptive effort supplementing the camera will be lost on the reader? At any rate, it is somewhat rare to find sustained passages of good description in recent travel books,—passages in which the author forsakes the mechanical kodak, in order to heighten and color his pages by the glow of his emotions and the imaginative intensity that prompted him to take the picture of some beautiful scene. The question is at least an open one.

In the way of evidence for our thesis that as the art of photography advances the descriptive power of the writer declines, we would cite the first book on our present list, "Flashlights in the Jungle," by the German naturalist C. G. Schillings, is a good illustration of the mechanical talent that makes many modern descriptive books valuable. The author, who undertook several trips to German East Africa in search of sport and specimens for zoological collections, added a unique feature to his hunting equipment. He devised special photographic apparatus for long range and flashlight work at night, that he might get *Naturkunden*—nature documents—of the intimate wild animal life in equatorial Africa. That his apparatus was well devised is attested by more than three hundred reproductions of his photographs. To see a picture of a lioness about to spring on an ox, or one of a bull elephant making his last charge before death, or one of three old lionesses at a brook, is to realize that the photographer is a daring hunter and a venturesome naturalist. Dr. Schillings is, however, more than a mere photographer of savage animal life, and his book cannot be wholly regarded as a mere picture-book; he is a scientist, and his accounts of his hunting trips are marked by acute observations on the habits of the animals he hunted with gun and camera. It is probably no exaggeration to say that this is the most remarkable book of wild animal photography that has ever been printed, but there our praise is inclined to stop. We can commend the laborious efforts of Mr. Schillings in gathering his elaborate scientific data, but we can hardly praise his narrative or descriptive skill. We forbear to say more about this interesting book, that we may give a long quotation to show the spirit of the author and the quality of his work.

"I had taken several pictures successfully with my telephoto-lens, when suddenly for some reason the animals [rhinoceroses] stood up quickly, both together as is their wont. Almost simultaneously, the farther of the two, an old cow, began moving the front part of her body to and fro, and then, followed by the bull with head high in the air, came straight for me at full gallop. I had instinctively felt what would happen, and in a moment my rifle was in my hands

and my camera passed to my bearers. I fired six shots and succeeded in bringing down both animals twice as they rushed towards me — great furrows in the sand of the velt showed where they fell. My final shot I fired in the absolute certainty that my last hour had come. It hit the cow on the nape of the neck and at the same moment I sprang to the right, to the other side of the brier-bush. My two men had taken to flight by this time, but one of the Masai ran across my path at this critical moment and sprang right into the bush. He had evidently waited in the expectation of seeing the rhinoceros fall dead at the last moment, as he had so often seen before. With astounding agility the rhinoceroses followed me, and half way round the bush I found myself between the two animals. It seems incredible now that I tell the tale in cold blood, but in that same instant my shots took effect mortally, and both rhinoceroses collapsed. I made away from the bush about twenty paces when a frantic cry coming simultaneously from my men . . . made me turn round. A very singular sight greeted my eyes. There was the Masai, trembling all over, his face distorted with terror, backing for all he was worth inside the bush, while the cow rhinoceros, streaming with blood, stood literally leaning up against it, and the bull, almost touching, lay dying on the ground, its mighty head beating repeatedly in its death agony against the hard red soil of the velt . . . As quickly as possible I reloaded, and with three final shots made an end of both animals. . . . It was indeed a very narrow escape. It left an impression on my mind which will not be easily erased. Even now in fancy I sometimes live those moments over again."

The volume contains a sympathetic introduction by Sir H. H. Johnston, who is another mighty hunter of African beasts. It seems rather odd and incongruous that both the author and the introductory writer should lament the wanton extermination of African big game by sportsmen, when one sees the pictures in the volume and notes the large number of animals killed by the hunters of this expedition. Science probably demands as many dead animals as the sportsman, but it can cloak its butchery under a more legitimate garb.

"A Yankee in Pigmy Land," by William Edgar Geil, is also a book on Africa, telling the story of a journey across that country from Mombasa on the eastern coast to Banana on the western coast. That part of the volume dealing with the eastern section contains but little new matter. The author describes the Uganda region, dwelling largely on the missionary problems, the atrocities of Congo land, the sleeping sickness (a sort of living death), and gives some hunting tales. But the real value of his journey lies in his account of the home and habits of the little brown Tom Thumbs of the great Pigmy Forest. Mr. Geil evidently found the real Pigmies, and not the Dwarfs who are often confused with their more interesting countrymen. "Their average height," says Mr. Geil, "is forty-eight inches. The Pigmies have well-developed eyebrows, while other black people have almost no eyebrows. I said 'black' people, but I have seen very few black people in Africa. The Pigmies are not black; they are brown with black hair, and all that I have seen have been well developed on the chest." These little freaks of humanity have some extraordinary qualities, not least among them being the engaging sense of fun.

"Not in all Africa have I heard so much fun. This is the Land of Laughter. This is the Forest of Fun. The natives

I have met since crossing the line into Congo have been sober-faced; there has been little cheerfulness and no merriment, but these freedom-loving Pigmies, the freest people on earth, are to this vast woodland and its human population what the blithe Shans are to the grave Chinese who live in the far West of the Celestial Empire. The mysterious fun was not momentary, but continuous. The Pigmies like to have a good time, and they have it. They are the merriest people in the Shadem-land."

We fear, however, that Mr. Geil's own sense of humor is blunt — we dislike to say that he is conceited, — for among his hundred and more excellent photographic reproductions is one of himself, labelled "the greatest living traveller." Other pictures show him as the central figure with his name in large letters on his portmanteau. One photograph depicts him playing the legendary William Tell in the act of shooting a banana off a native's head!

Mr. L. March Phillips, in his book entitled "In the Desert," is concerned with two somewhat unrelated topics: the French scheme of colonization for Algiers, and the influence of the Sahara desert on Arab life, architecture, religion, poetry, and philosophy. The present strained relation between France and Germany concerning affairs in North Africa makes the first topic of timely interest. The author justifies the French in their scheme of colonizing the desert, and asserts that "every move in France's policy during the last fifteen or twenty years has been opportune." Her colonists, "possessing the soil they cultivate, overspread the land; industries, public works, improvements, are pushed forward with vigor and intelligence." In his thesis that the Arab character is the outcome of the influence of the desert, Mr. Phillips gives us a sketch of the effect of the desert life on himself, and applies his experience to that of the Arab.

"What I came to feel more and more strongly as time went on was the extraordinarily stimulating and exciting effect of the desert and the desert climate on the one hand, and its entire lack of anything substantial and definite to think about and feed the mind with, on the other. . . . So, I used to think, the strength and weakness of the Arab were alike displayed in the desert. All the influences that stimulated his nerves and starved his intellect were round one there. In his successes — his frantic conquests and frantic art and science — is the stored up force of the desert's nervous energy. In the decline and disintegration of all his power and all his labor is the desert's fatal incoherence."

If we grant (and we feel that we must do so when reading the author's vivid descriptions) that the desert is characterized by spaciousness, deadness, vast monotony, sterility, and primitiveness, then we can readily understand how the empty life of the desert working for countless generations has had its consequences in Arab character. Such a plausible thesis makes the Arab a being who despises odds, who has a fortitude that smiles at wounds and death, who is "proud, fiercely militant, vengeful, courteous too, and dignified and generous, but lacking such virtues as patience, long suffering, gentleness, modesty, humility, self-sacrifice." Hence, the Arab's poetry is like his life — always in the ballad-poetry stage, the poetry of action, not of thought; his religion is the religion of the sword; and his architecture is indefinite and

unsubstantial, serving largely as a vehicle for rich colors. Mr. Phillips has thus carried Taine's theory to its limits; and whatever may be its shortcomings in this particular instance, the author has made an entertaining contribution to our knowledge of Arab life and art.

Enthusiasm, spontaneity, kindly humor, and a sprightly style characterize the volume entitled "In Further Ardenne" with the auxiliary title "A Study of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg," by the Reverend T. H. Passmore. This tiny principality, pinched in between France, Belgium, Prussia, and Lorraine, has had a history out of all proportion to its size, for it has seen and endured the whole pageant of European events. Druid flamen, Celtic war-man, Roman lordling, feudal baron, and modern diplomat have all laid their hands upon it; and yet, so says Mr. Passmore, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has "never for a moment lost its distinctive individuality." There still survive, untrammeled even by the ubiquitous tourist, her romance, folk-song, folks-dance, and folk-lore, and it is with these that Mr. Passmore is primarily concerned. With him we wander in search of the quaint and picturesque — two words the author eschews — in this old land, "wide and quiet and peaceable." He asks us for the merry heart that will go a mile or twain, for "a love of unspoilt uncrowded sweet earth-corners, an open mind about other people's religious notions, and even a capacity to think a little occasionally, in a dreamy way." One of the unique sights described in the book is the *Springprozession*, a religious dance, of Echternach. This dancing to God's glory, the origin of which is lost in disputes, is in part described by Mr. Passmore as follows:

"This Dance of Degrees, the whole with the sick, the old with the young, counteracting their own progress and yet progressing, sweating yet ascending, faint yet pursuing. . . . The burning sun beats on them, the heaven over them is brass, now and again one swoons and must fall out; but the dogged escalade goes on. Meanwhile the leaders have danced into the church, laid down their offerings, and are wheeling around the altar-shrine, swaying still where the Saint lies sleeping. When all have passed this way, a solemn *Salut* crowns the day; which done, the Host-blessed pilgrims issue from the church, dancing as ever, to set seal to their vow with triple circling round the great sad Christ who hangs upon the churchyard cross."

We had occasion in a former review to speak favorably of Mr. Jerome Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain," and we are now pleased to say that we are still more highly pleased by the excellent qualities of the same author's latest book, entitled "A Levantine Log Book." Mr. Hart made a stay of two seasons in the regions of the Eastern Mediterranean, stopping at Naples, Malta, Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, and Egypt. One does not expect much that is new concerning these places, so when a traveller bids for one's commendations on his notebook of travels, his view-point must be refreshing and individual. These qualities Mr. Hart supplies in abundance. He can and does write intelligently, but he excels most in the genial humor that brings a

smile with almost every page. We wish our space permitted us to quote the entire chapter on "The Breeds of the Turks," or the diverting chapter entitled "Spots Where," or the description of Smyrna; but we must choose a shorter excerpt which describes the *entourage* of the Sultan when he is returning from his devotions at the mosque.

"Now comes a curious sight. As his horses ascend the hill at a quick trot his generals, his pashas, his colonels, and his ministers keep pace with his horses. The courtiers are clad in scarlet and bullion, in blue and silver, in green and gold; they are gray, grizzled, and old, but they run like so many school-boys behind and on either side of the imperial carriage. Fortunately the run is not a long one, for many of the pashas are fat and scant of breath. But no matter how old or how fat, all who are not absolutely disabled run by their master's carriage. Obesity is not an exemption; old age is not a release. There is no apology but partial paralysis; no excuse but locomotor ataxia. This is perhaps the Oriental courtier's way of indicating enthusiastic loyalty. Courtiers have always had to do humiliating things, with joyful faces, in monarchies. Perhaps they do still — perhaps even in republics. But what a fantastic spectacle — a lot of uniformed and elderly dignitaries running up hill on a hot day — a troop of perspiring and pot-bellied pashas sprinting after their padishah!"

In form and illustrations the book is as pleasing to the eye as the text is to the mind.

Whoever has read of the great region lying north of India knows that every book dealing with it will contain two features: descriptions of the vast, uninhabited wastes, of the paralyzing cold of the glacier regions, and the burning heat of the deserts; and, secondly, of the eternal political question as to who shall rule the region, England or Russia. Mr. Oscar Terry Crosby's volume, "Tibet and Turkestan," is no exception. Mr. Crosby's description of the countries named is familiar, and his discussion of the political aspect is independent. Accompanied by Captain Anginieur of the French Army, the author made his trip in the latter part of 1903, traversing the region from the Caspian Sea through Turkestan to the Tibetan Plateau. Such a route invites many hardships, and Mr. Crosby tells us the difficulties encountered on this journey were "in every respect more severe than those experienced in a considerable journey in Africa — from Somaliland to Khartoum." In one part of their journey they travelled for forty days through uninhabited wastes, eleven days of that time being spent on the cheerless verge of starvation. The greater part of the book deals with the political aspects, especially of Tibet. Mr. Crosby sees little to fear in the Yellow Peril, evidently believing it to be prompted by diplomatic motives. The religion, the history, and the peculiar institution of polyandric marriage of Tibet are treated fully and well. Of England's aggressiveness in Tibet, and Younghusband's raid, Mr. Crosby says:

"The raid into Tibet I believe to have been wild, not capable of bearing good fruit. Its occupation is not necessary to the preservation of the Empire's peace; nor would it conduce to the Empire's prosperity. Any harm that could possibly come out of Tibet could be met, at the moment of its appearance, at less moral and material cost than by years of repression and injustice based on mere suspicion."

The volume contains an almost entire alphabet of appendices, one of which gives some interesting examples of Tibetan songs.

"The Great Plateau" is the appropriate title of Captain C. G. Rawling's volume which recounts his two journeys of exploration into central Tibet made in 1903 and 1904-5. "The first expedition," says the author, "penetrated into the uninhabited and barren regions of the Northern Desert at a time when Tibet was rigidly closed to foreigners. The second led through the rich, thickly-populated valleys of the Brahmaputra, and was made with the cognisance and permission of the Lhasa Government, though only rendered possible by the notable success of Sir Francis Younghusband's mission." The result of the first expedition was Captain Rawling's correct mapping of 35,000 square miles of hitherto unknown and unexplored country. The purpose of the second expedition was to determine the possibilities of Gartok, the capital of western Tibet, as a trade mart, and to survey the route so "that proposals for opening other marts should be based on accurate information." This undertaking, made under all the usual attendant difficulties of travel in that region, resulted in finding that Gartok was a village of "three good-sized houses and twelve miserable hovels"! Such, however, is the scramble for precedence and prestige among the industrial and political giants. To those who are interested in the development and the geography of Tibet the volume will contain some new features, but the general reader will find small profit in the book. We are at a loss to account for the difference in the literary quality of the two accounts of Captain Rawling's journeys. The story of the first expedition is a weary tale of countless marches and camps, but the account of the Gartok expedition has at least the grace of vivacity and freshness.

Mr. A. B. De Guerville, the author of "New Egypt," seems to be one who is able to break through the hedges that surround the divinely-appointed affairs of many foreign places. In his own words he obtained his information about the new Egypt from "highly placed personages in the Egyptian world, English, French, natives, and others; these men, keen and talented, who in palaces, ministries, legations, schools, hospitals, bands, or large industrial concerns, are working without ceasing for the regeneration of Egypt. I have knocked at all doors, rich and poor, high and low, and everywhere a warm welcome has awaited me." We are pleased with the frank personality of the author, and we are impressed and entertained by his book. Not for a long time have we read a book of travel that is so very interesting and refreshingly instructive. There is nothing new in Mr. De Guerville's itinerary; he took the usual trip from Alexandria to Cairo, thence to Luxor, Karnac, Assouan, Khartoun, and Fashoda — now called Kodok. His account of these places is interspersed with facts relative to the French in Egypt, the pleasures of Cairo, Ismail and his reign, the commercial and industrial life of the land, and the social,

religious, and political conditions in this rapidly changing country. The Renaissance has apparently come to Egypt. For France's share in Egypt's development he has a smile and a tear; for England's protectorate over Egypt and Lord Cromer's wise administration he has only words of praise. "New Egypt" means the industrial prosperity that has followed the flag of England. Even the Sudan, which General Gordon described in 1884 as "an absolutely useless possession, has always been so, and always will be so," bids fair to become a garden spot, if the plans of irrigation do not fail. We commend the book for its valuable information, for its pungent style, and for its sprightly gossip about things Egyptian. We shall await with pleasure the author's promised volume to be entitled "Egypt Intime."

The *raison d'être* — and it is a sufficient reason — of Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray's volume called "The High-Road of Empire" is the plethora of beautiful water-color and pen-and-ink sketches which the author-artist made along the highways of the fascinating lands of India and Ceylon. Such a journey, when made in the leisurely manner that the brush and pencil demand, through a land that appeals to artist and writer alike by "its glorious architecture, its unique landscapes, its rich historic associations, and above all its strangely interesting people," offers much that is unusual, when the writer can make his somewhat commonplace experience alive by a reserved enthusiasm. This Mr. Murray has done. He went from Bombay to Ceylon by the devious way of Poona, Bijapur, Allahabad, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, to Agra, Delhi, Lahore, and Jodhpur, and whatever struck his fancy he described in colors, in line-drawings, or with his pen. As many travellers and writers on India have done, Mr. Murray dwells at some length on Benares, the wonderful city of squalor and beauty, where the heart of old India beats most perceptibly in the swarming mass of humanity which gathers there at all seasons, to dip into and drink of the filthy pools or ghats of the Ganges, the mother of life.

"The river bank is a marvellous sight. The Ghats, in flight after flight of irregular steps, descend a hundred feet to the water's edge. Here and there the steps widen out into terraces, and on them are temples and shrines of all sorts and sizes. The cliff is crowned by high houses and palaces, which culminate in domes and minarets. Here and there a palace or temple breaks away from the main line, and projecting forward, descends with solid breastworks of masonry to the water's edge, where every variety of native craft lies moored." Such a scene catches the artist's eye and demands a clever brush; but the following human touch is beyond the artist's skill, and requires only a little less skill in the handling of words:

"I was charmed by one scene in particular which we watched. Two graceful women in bright-coloured silk saris came down the steps, each carrying on her arm a folded sari of a different hue. Leaving this on the brink, they stepped down as they were into the sacred water and drank and dipped. Coming back to the steps in wet garments, they wound them off, and simultaneously, by the same mysterious movement, clothed themselves in the fresh silk drapery with which they had come provided. The process of transforma-

tion was as elusive and complete as that by which a snow-capped mountain is changed at the afterglow. Then taking the strip of wet drapery, and deftly gathering it in narrow folds crosswise in either hand, they went back to their daily occupations."

Many such little descriptive sketches enhance the interest and value of Mr. Murray's sumptuous volume, which contains over forty excellent illustrations reproduced by the three-color process, and about one hundred pen-and-ink sketches. The publishers are to be praised for their part in the production of a book that is unusually pleasing in every detail.

H. E. COBLENTZ.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A charming French hostess and her circle. It is an extremely vivacious and interesting throng of men and women that passes before us in the pages of Miss Janet Aldis's "Madame Geoffrin and her Salon" (Putnam). The author is an amiable and communicative cicerone, and as we run on lightly from chapter to chapter of her gossipy account we feel somewhat as one might, who, ignorant of the language of the animated talkers, should by some magic be privileged to be present, invisible, at those eighteenth century dinners. Our guide points out the hostess or names the various guests, with an anecdote or a story that engages our interest and makes us feel in a manner acquainted with each. This silent and somewhat superfluous old man is the hostess's husband, whom death will soon discreetly remove. Here is d'Alembert, legitimate child of his century, if not of other parents; there is Fontenelle, who has lived out nearly a full century and is yet not the least gay and witty of the company. This is Denis Diderot, unkempt and uncouthly, but original and full of matter; that is Grimm, snapping up every bit of literary gossip, and not always stopping at that kind, for his next letter to "a sovereign of Germany." And as we observe the company our guide explains from time to time the jest that has just raised the laugh, the paradox that has provoked such eager challenge and discussion, or the clever tale that has been crowned with such general applause. We feel that these are interesting people, and that we should like to know them better, and that if we knew their language and could follow their talk we should get a really informing glimpse into that bubbling cauldron in which the witches' broth of the revolution was brewing. And this remains our feeling when we leave them. We have not been taught their language; we have not penetrated into the intimacy of their deeper purposes and more serious convictions; and the picture, for all its appearance of life, makes somewhat the impression of a composite photograph. A great many salons, a great many groups of persons, shifting from year to year, have contributed to it. We are made but vaguely aware of the passing of time by the touches it leaves on one or another of the

faces. We get no adequate suggestion of the rapid movement of ideas and events between the years 1750 and 1777 which bound the period of Madame Geoffrin's reign. But perhaps these shortcomings are the necessary defects of the book's good qualities, and we readily allow that the latter are quite sufficient to commend it. It was worth while to give this glimpse of a very remarkable woman and the very remarkable circle that she gathered about her, and to persuade us that the guests at Madame Geoffrin's table were charming and interesting people, removed as far as possible from dulness, dryness, and pedantry, and well worth our better acquaintance.

The poets as torch-bearers. The course of Lowell Institute lectures to which Professor George E.

Woodberry has given "The Torch" for a collective title (McClure) is based upon a highly abstract and metaphysical conception. The opening sentences state the author's fundamental thesis.

"It belongs to a highly developed race to become, in a true sense, aristocratic — a treasury of its best in practical and spiritual types, and then to disappear in the surrounding tides of men. So Athens dissolved like a pearl in the cup of the Mediterranean, and Rome in the cup of Europe, and Judea in the cup of the Universal Communion. Though death is the law of all life, man touches this earthen fact with the wand of his spirit, and transforms it into the law of sacrifice. Man has won no victory over his environment so sublime as this, finding in his mortal sentence the true choice of the soul and in the road out of Paradise the open highway of eternal life."

A work thus solemnly preluded is sure to prove intensely serious of character, and the high note of idealism thus sounded at the outset is maintained to the last. The first lecture expounds in the most general terms this doctrine of the race-mind, with literature for its organ, which persists while race after race passes away. The second lecture deals more specifically with literature as "the language of all the world" rather than as the language of this or that people. "History is mortal: it dies. Yet it does not altogether die. Elements, features, fragments of it survive, and enter into the eternal memory of the race, and are there transformed, and — as we say — spiritualized. Literature is the abiding-place of this transforming power, and most profits by it." The two lectures following are upon "The Titan-Myth," and complete the unfolding of the author's fundamental thought. Then follow four lectures dealing specifically with Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, each of whom is considered as a special exponent of the racial inheritance of spiritual energy. Perhaps the essence of Mr. Woodberry's teaching is to be found in these earnest words:

"Honesty is nowhere more essential than in literary study; hypocrisy, there, may have terrible penalties, not merely in foolishness, but in misfortune; and to lie to oneself about oneself is the most fatal lie. The stages of life must be taken in their order; but finally you will discover the blessed fact that the world of literature is one of diminishing books — since the greater are found to contain the less, for which reason time itself sifts the relics of the past and leaves at last only a Homer for centuries of early Greece, a Dante for his

entire age, a Milton for a whole system of thought. To understand and appreciate such great writers is the goal; but the way is by making honest use of the authors that appeal to us in the most living ways."

*Wanderings
on the Welsh
borderland.*

There are those who assert that our word "saunterer" is derived from "sans terre,"—without home or country; while others hold that it comes from "Sainte Terrer," the pious pilgrim or a "holy lander." To all who have cultivated the art of sauntering and have practised it in some district of Great Britain where the natural scenery is attractive and where the mind is kept occupied without being excited, and have found sauntering the finest of all tonics, mental, physical, or spiritual, the preference is for the latter derivation, whatever the etymologists may decide. And from the number of recent books descriptive of leisurely journeys through various districts in Great Britain, rich in historic interest and antiquarian lore as well as in natural scenery, the membership in the guild of saunterers is by no means decreasing. Mr. A. G. Bradley is an accomplished saunter. He knows the Lake District and North and South Wales by personal leisurely inspection, and has written several books about those regions. The latest record of his wanderings is a volume entitled "In the March and Borderland of Wales" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Bradley is at some pains to defend the apparent tautology of his title, "march" meaning border or frontier; and he describes journeys in Herefordshire and Monmouthshire in England, and Montgomeryshire and Glamorganshire in Wales, and into districts on both sides of the present boundary of Wales which were once the scenes of exploits of Owen Glyndwr, a Welsh patriot of the fifteenth century whose life Mr. Bradley has dealt with in a previous volume. The author's descriptions and the sketches of his artist companion, Mr. W. M. Meredith, must excite in all readers of the volume an interest in this portion of the Welsh borderland that will be gratified with nothing less than a visit to Hereford and its vicinity.

*The author of
"Religio
Medici."*

Sir Thomas Browne was one of the men who lived apart in the troublous times of the Commonwealth, who allowed himself to be as little disturbed by the civil dissensions of Roundheads and Cavaliers as he was untouched by the excesses of the Restoration. He dwelt quietly at Norwich, practising his profession and investigating vulgar errors, interesting himself in sepulchral urns, and enquiring into his religious views as a physician. Mr. Gosse in his recent volume in the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan) once more brings out what has already been remarked by others, that Browne has not contributed anything of importance to medical science or to philosophical or religious thought. It is to his genius as a stylist that Mr. Gosse attributes his rank among the great writers of English. And even here he is not beyond adverse criticism, for so thoroughly was he drenched

in Latin that he carried over almost bodily words that have only their Latin parentage to speak for them. Many of them failed of adoption and are to-day but "wild enormities" of misdirected scholarship. Where Mr. Gosse fails in his estimate is in not sufficiently recognizing the essentially poetic quality of Browne's work, apart from mere form or style. He does not bring out what Professor Dowden calls the two elements of Browne's divinity,—wonder and love; that like a poet his appeal was to the emotions and the imagination. This was the body, as it were, which was clothed in the magnificent trappings of his style; for the prose of "Religio Medici" and of the "Urn-Burial" is almost as splendid as Milton's. It was his familiarity with Latin that gave him such a command of sonorous prose, just as it did the other great prose writers of his age. Mr. Gosse does not attempt any analysis of this style, a task he might well have undertaken, even if suggestive of the text-book. The absence of a bibliography is the grievous fault this book shares with the other volumes of the same series.

*Jottings of
a London
journalist.*

A "medley of memories" is presented by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand in his "Days of the Past" (Dutton). Born and bred in Scotland, he devoted a dozen years to sport, continental travel, and other distractions, and then, after a year of law practice in Edinburgh, crossed the border and eventually found employment as a London journalist, being connected with the "Saturday Review," the "Times," and other less noted journals, and associating with the literary celebrities of his time. Travel, hunting, fishing, and gastronomy appear to have shared his affections with literature. Of his sixteen chapters, all but one, which treats of operations on the stock exchange, contain references to the pleasures of the table; and the third chapter, "The Evolution of the Hotel and Restaurant," is very largely devoted thereto. The author writes in a rapid, readable style, and draws on an ample store of personal experience in many lands, although his adventures never approach the thrilling, or even the extraordinary. Apart from his two chapters of "Literary Recollections," and the one on "Friends of the Atheneum," the book contains little that calls loudly for publication. The critical reader will perhaps note a curious expression on the very first page, where the writer, referring to late improvements in Aberdeenshire, says he remembers "much of the devolution of the transformation." Why "devolution"? Half-way through the volume, passing from the Scotch clergy to the English army, he writes: "From ministers to messes is a sharp transition, but I must own that, as the Americans say, there was a time when I had more truck with the one than with the other." Are we really guilty of this unrefined locution? It is new to the present reviewer. But it is not much worse than the expression "cock-a-hoop," which the author allows himself, with no apologetic quotation marks, and with no disclaimer of its native origin.

"Sanctified common sense" "Christianity and Socialism" is the collective title of a series of five discourses by Dr. Washington Gladden, recently published by Messrs. Eaton & Mains. The first essay, which gives the title to the book, deals with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount,—those great principles of personal character that from the days of Plato have been acknowledged as fitting the individual for the highest social relations. The author then passes to the consideration of human brotherhood involved in the words "Our Father who art in heaven," contrasting this with the concept of industrial society. It may perhaps be questioned whether the economic concept is fairly stated; its highest attainment has not yet been reached and the more economic society becomes, the more the crying wrongs of society are eliminated. The following chapter on "Labor Wars" is good Christianity and good economics; while "The Programme of Socialism," the third discourse, is a clear exposition of socialistic principles, both established and debated. The purpose to exalt the idea of compromise between the opposing tendencies is both worthy and characteristic of the eminent clerical author. Perhaps the best thing is the passage—too long for quotation—showing that socialism and atheism are in no way connected. The chapter on "True Socialism" gives the noble ideal of regarding work, whatever its nature or rank, as a social function. The final pages, on "Municipal Reform," contain a rapid sketch of what has recently been done and what remains to do, sounding for all citizens the earnest warning to put intelligence, honesty, and unselfishness into the City Hall if their fruits in city government are to be expected. Like all Dr. Gladden's utterances, these discourses are characterized by what has been well termed "sanctified common sense" and are thoroughly stimulating and suggestive.

Sea-shore life on the eastern coast.

The first number of the New York Aquarium Series (Barnes) is a volume on "Sea-shore Life" by Dr. Alfred G. Mayer, Director of the Marine Biological Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution at Tortugas, Florida, and is devoted to the invertebrates of the New York coast and the adjacent coast region. The work is intended for readers who have had no technical biological training, and its aim is to "increase intelligent interest in the habits and life-histories of marine animals and to disseminate a knowledge of their appearance and relationship." The author makes a serious attempt to coin new vernacular names for animals to which only a Latin binomial has been hitherto attached, after the custom of English naturalists. The work has an educational value in connection with the aquarium in New York and the museum collections there and in other cities and has added interest from the natural history contained in its pages and the many original illustrations. Many references to pertinent literature are scattered throughout the text, and bibliographical

references pertaining to the more important species are given at the end of the volume. Specialists may quarrel with some cases in the author's nomenclature or seek more light on some of his statements, but all will agree that the book is a welcome addition to the literature of the seashore.

A glimpse of the ancient animal world.

The popular evening lectures of the Christmas holidays before the Royal Institution of London have been a fruitful source of excellent books dealing with some phases of scientific learning brought up to date, and freed of technical terminology and abstruse reasoning. One of the most readable and timely of these contributions to popular science is Professor E. Ray Lankester's "Extinct Animals" (Holt), which the author regards as nothing more ambitious than an attempt to excite in young people an interest in a most fascinating study, that of the animals of past ages. The book is cast in conversational form, enlivened by anecdote and illuminated by over two hundred excellent illustrations, some of them original, and many of them now seen for the first time outside of technical publications. The proportion of time-honored cuts is very small, and the figures are well chosen. The relations of these animals of the past to the living world are frequently emphasized, and the ways in which fossils are formed are clearly shown. We find here the story of the evolution of the elephant, brought to light in recent years by paleontological explorations in Egypt, which in scientific interest bids fair to outrank the well-known evolution of the horse made famous by Huxley. The work is authoritative, quite up to date, and on the whole one of the best popular accounts of the life of the ancient world in print.

Nature essays and pictures.

"The Prairie and the Sea" is somewhat of a misnomer for the collection of miscellaneous outdoor sketches by Mr. William A. Quayle, which are published, in a volume embellished with a wealth of photographic reproductions, by Messrs. Jennings & Graham. The half-dozen photographers who have collaborated with Mr. Quayle have done thoroughly artistic work in picturing both the smaller and the larger aspects of the world about which he writes. Mr. Quayle's point of view is the rather hackneyed one of the nature-lover who, having been born a country-boy, knows a good deal about the out-door world, and, having grown up a sentimentalist, is full of quaint conceits and fancies about it. He does not go far enough in the sober study of natural history to enrich his work, after the fashion of Mr. Bradford Torrey, with unique discoveries in the realms of plant and animal life. His enthusiasm for the beauties of nature seems at times a little empty, and his literary style lacks the grace and piquancy needed to carry off a difficult situation perfectly. However, this is only saying that his work belongs to the great average output of nature essays—not striking, but thor-

oughly readable on the whole, and, together with the accompanying pictures, making up an attractive volume intended for the large class of readers who do not want their nature-study to be of a very special or a very exacting type.

Gen. Sherman truthfully portrayed. A biography of interest and charm is Mr. Edward Robins's life of William T. Sherman in the series of

"American Crisis Biographies" (Jacobs). Much of this interest and charm comes from the character of the subject, the irascible, outspoken, independent soldier, and his unique and exciting career; but much comes also from the skilful work of the author. He has made an excellent portrait of the great soldier, giving the shadows as well as the lights. He makes the reader see the vindictiveness of General Sherman, his prejudices, and the lack of tact that made him numberless enemies for a time; but he makes us see, too, the essential greatness of the man as well as the soldier, a character that finally conquered hostility at the South as well as at the North, and the singular attractiveness of his essentially fine spirit and brilliant mind. The book is an excellent outline history of those campaigns of the Civil War in the West and South in which General Sherman took part, especially of the world-famed march through Georgia.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"American History in Literature," by Misses Martha A. L. Lane and Mabel Hill, is a compilation of "simple literary excerpts which illustrate the leading events and the characteristic conditions that have marked the development of the United States." A second volume for the use of higher grades is in course of preparation. Messrs. Ginn & Co. are the publishers.

From the Archaeological Institute of America we have Volume I. of "Supplementary Papers of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome." The papers are nine in number, the work of eight authors, working sometimes jointly and sometimes alone. Plates large and small, besides diagrams and maps, constitute the illustrations, which are offered in abundance. The papers are of minute scholarly interest, generally speaking, although something different from this should be said of Dr. Arthur Mahler's "Die Aphrodite von Arles," Dr. Richard Norton's "Report on Archaeological Remains in Turkestan," and possibly one or two others. The volume is a handsome quarto published by the Macmillan Co.

If there was ever a labor of love, it was that of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in translating into modern verse the fourteenth-century Middle English poem called "Pearl." This wonderful lyric, almost unknown for half a millennium, attracted the attention of lovers of poetry in the nineteenth century, and many, from Tennyson down, have since written in its praise. Dr. Mitchell gives us rather less than half of the entire work, accounting for this mutilation by saying that the omitted stanzas "deal with uninteresting theological or allegorical material." We could wish that he had given us the whole poem, but this need not preclude our thanks for his very charming version of the portions that he thought worthy of translation. The Century Co. publish the little volume.

NOTES.

"Days with Walt Whitman," by Mr. Edward Carpenter, one of the poet's intimate friends, is announced for early issue by the Macmillan Co.

"Walt Whitman and the Germans," by Dr. Richard Riethmueller, is a pamphlet publication of the Americana Germanica Press, Philadelphia.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene," in two volumes, is a charming recent addition to the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics," imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

"The International Position of Japan as a Great Power," by Dr. Seiji G. Hishida, is an important recent addition to the Columbia University publications.

A little book on James McNeill Whistler, by Mr. H. W. Singer, is imported by the Messrs. Scribner as an issue in the "Langham Series of Art Monographs."

"Foster's Complete Bridge," by Mr. R. F. Foster, is the latest of the author's many manuals for card-players, and is published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. Russell Sturgis is at work upon an exhaustive "History of Architecture," which the Baker & Taylor Co. will publish in three large volumes. Volume I. will be ready next October, and the two others will follow at intervals of about six months.

An edition of Mill on "The Subjection of Women," edited by Dr. Stanton Coit, is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. The editorial material provides an analysis of Mill's argument, and an account of changes in the legal status of women since the original publication of the essay.

"Chopin, as Revealed by Extracts from his Diary," by Count Stanislas Tarnowski, translated from the Polish by Miss Natalie Janotta, is a recent importation of the Messrs. Scribner, from whom we also have an essay by Mr. Joseph Goddard on "The Deeper Sources of the Beauty and Expression of Music."

A "Standard Webster Pocket Dictionary," compiled by Mr. Alfred B. Chambers, has been added by Messrs. Laird & Lee to their series of lexicons. Concise definitions of some thirty thousand words are given, and there is an appendix containing sixteen colored maps, besides a variety of miscellaneous information.

An important work on "Consumption and its Relation to Man and his Civilization," by Dr. John Bessner Huber, is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Co. In writing this volume it has been Dr. Huber's purpose to supply a comprehensive exposition of the effect consumption has had upon civilization, and a consideration of its relation to human affairs.

To their attractive series of "Popular Editions of Recent Fiction" Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have added the following volumes: "Painted Shadows," by Richard Le Gallienne; "The Viking's Skull," by John R. Carling; "Sarah Tudor," by Orme Agnes; "The Siege of Youth," by Frances Charles; "Hassan, a Fellah," by Henry Gillman; and "The Wolverine," by Albert L. Lawrence.

Of foremost interest in "The Burlington Magazine" for March may be mentioned the following articles: "Independent Art of To-day" by Bernhard Sickert, "Charles II. Plate in Belvoir Castle" by J. Starkie Gardner, "Some Lead Garden Statues" by Lawrence Weaver, and "Who Was the Architect of the Houses of Parliament?" by Robert Dell. The frontispiece in this issue is a fine photogravure reproduction of a 16th century Italian bronze.

A little book on Sir Henry Irving, by Mr. Haldane Macfall, described as "a comprehensive view of the man and his accomplishments," will be published early this month by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. Sixteen illustrations have been supplied by Mr. Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, to whom the book is dedicated. In this connection we may note that Mr. Mortimer Menpes and his daughter are preparing a "portrait biography" of Irving, with illustrations in color, which the Macmillan Co. are to publish some time during the year.

"The only complete copyright text in one volume" of the poetical works of Byron comes to us from Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It contains the gist of the editorial matter in Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's definitive seven-volume edition of the poems, completed a year or two ago, and will thus prove a boon to those who could not avail themselves of the earlier work. An introductory memoir of some fifty pages is supplied to the present volume by Mr. Coleridge, and there is a frontispiece portrait in photogravure. The type is necessarily small, though not unreadable.

At the request of Professor Bernhard Seuffert, of Graz, Austria, representing the Royal Prussian Academy of Berlin, all institutions or individuals having Wieland manuscripts or letters are earnestly urged to give notice of the fact and thus materially further the very elaborate edition of Wieland's complete works, translations, and letters now being prepared by the Academy. A similar appeal is also made in regard to material for the great edition of Goethe proceeding from the Goethe-Schiller-Archiv in Weimar. Any information as to these matters may be sent to Mr. Leonard L. Mackall, at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have arranged to publish a comprehensive History of English Literature on a scale and plan more or less resembling that of the "Cambridge Modern History." The work will be published in about twelve royal octavo volumes of some 400 pages each, and will cover the whole course of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian Age. The action of foreign influences and the part taken by secondary writers in successive literary movements will receive a larger share of attention than is possible in shorter histories, in which lesser writers are apt to be overshadowed by a few great names. Each volume will contain a sufficient bibliography. The "Cambridge History of English Literature" will be edited by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and Mr. A. R. Waller.

Besides the editions of "Paul et Virginie" and Mr. Aldrich's "Songs and Sonnets," already mentioned in these pages, the publishers of the "Riverside Press Editions" have under way several enterprises of unusual interest. Among these undertakings are a translation of Bernard's life of the great French designer and engraver, Geofroy Tory, richly illustrated with drawings, designs, etc.; an edition of an exceptionally fine English prose version of the French epic, "The Song of Roland," to be printed on a tall folio page, in a French Gothic type, embellished with reproductions in color of the Charlemagne window in the cathedral at Chartres; and an edition of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, in one volume, folio, containing, on opposite pages, both the complete Italian text and Professor Charles Eliot Norton's notable prose translation, illustrated from Botticelli's rare and beautiful designs for the poem. More extended announcements concerning these works will be made later in the year.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1906.

- Adolescence, Facts and Problems of. J.R. Angell. *World To-day*
 American Manufacturer in China, The. *World To-day*
 American Music, Movement for. Lawrence Gilman *Rev. of Revs.*
 American Nile, The. G. Gordon Copp. *Harper*
 Ancient America, Mystery of. Broughton Brandenburg *Appleton*
 Anthony, Susan B. Ida Husted Harper. *No. American*
 Anthony, Susan B. Ida Husted Harper. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Arizona's Opposition to Union with New Mexico. *World To-day*
 Australia, What People Read in. Henry Stead. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Automobile, Birth of an. Sigmund Krausz. *World To-day*
 Bank Depositors and Bank Money. *World's Work*
 "Big Three" Companies, Changes in. "Q. P.". *World's Work*
 "Big Three," Fight for the. Thomas W. Lawson. *Everybody's*
 Blubber Hunters, The — I. Clifford W. Ashley. *Harper*
 Borglum, Gutzon, Painter and Sculptor. Leila Mechlin. *Studio*
 Canada's Tariff Mood toward the United States. *No. American*
 Capri, the Sirens' Island. Edith H. Andrews. *World To-day*
 Caribou and his Kindred. E. Thompson Seton. *Scribner*
 Chemistry and the World's Food. Robert K. Duncan. *Harper*
 Chicago Artists, Recent Exhibition of. *Studio*
 Chinese Situation, The. T. Y. Chang. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Church Music, Reform in. Justine Ward. *Atlantic*
 Churches, Gathering of the. Eugene Wood. *Everybody's*
 Coal Trust, Labor Trust, and the People Who Pay. *Everybody's*
 Colorado River Delta. C. J. Blanchard. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Consular Reform. C. Arthur Williams. *World To-day*
 Cooper, James Fenimore. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner*
 Criminal Law Reform. George W. Alger. *Atlantic*
 Dickens in Switzerland. Deshler Welch. *Harper*
 Diet Delusions, Some. Woods Hutchinson. *McClure*
 Earth, Age of Our. C. Rollin Keyes. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Education, — Making it Hit the Mark. W. G. Parsons. *Atlantic*
 Enclosed Garden, A Plea for the. Susan S. Wainwright *Atlantic*
 English Washington Country, The. W. D. Howells. *Harper*
 Evans Collection of Paintings. Leila Mechlin. *Appleton*
 Food Science and Pure Food Question. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Gamesters of the Wilderness. Agnes C. Laut. *Harper*
 Haden, Sir Francis Seymour, P.R.E. W. B. Boulton. *Scribner*
 Hotel de la Rocheboucaud-Doudeauville. C. Gronkowski *Century*
 Immigration — How it is Stimulated. F. A. Ogg. *World To-day*
 Immortality, Recent Speculations upon. *No. American*
 Individualism versus Socialism. William J. Bryan. *Century*
 Johnson, Tom. David Graham Phillips. *Appleton*
 Levy-Dhurmer, L., French Pastelist. Frances Keyser. *Studio*
 Life Insurance as a Profession. Leroy Scott. *World's Work*
 Life Insurance Legislation. Paul Morton, D.P. Kingsley. *No. Am.*
 Lindsey, Judge, and his Work. Helen Grey. *World To-day*
 Lodge, The. Charles Moreau Harger. *Atlantic*
 Markets and Misery. Upton Sinclair. *No. American*
 Meunier, Constantin, Sculptor. Christian Brinton. *Century*
 Mexican Investment, Our. Edward M. Conley. *Appleton*
 Niagara, International Aid for. R. S. Lanier. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Panama, Truth about. H. C. Rowland. *Appleton*
 Pan-American Railway, The. C. M. Pepper. *Scribner*
 Pedantic Usage. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper*
 Philadelphia. Henry James. *No. American*
 Play, A Hunt for a. Clara Morris. *McClure*
 President, For. A Jeffersonian Democrat. *No. American*
 Public Documents, Disposition of. W. S. Rosister. *Atlantic*
 Public Library, The Modern. Hamilton Bell. *Appleton*
 Public Squares. Sylvester Baxter. *Century*
 Railroad Rates and Foreign Trade. F. A. Ogg. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Railroad Securities as an Investment. A. D. Noyes. *Atlantic*
 Religion, Testimony of Biology to. C. W. Saleby. *Atlantic*
 Riches, Great. Charles W. Eliot. *World's Work*
 Rothschild Artisan Dwellings in Paris. Henri Frantz. *Studio*
 Russian Revolution — Is it Constructive? *Rev. of Revs.*
 Senate's Share in Treaty-Making. A. O. Bacon. *No. American*
 Sketching from Nature. Alfred East. *Studio*
 Socialist Party, The. Upton Sinclair. *World's Work*
 Spencer, Herbert, Home Life with. *Harper*
 Stage Humor, Notes on. Brander Matthews. *Appleton*
 Switzerland, Public Affairs in. Charles E. Russell. *Everybody's*
 Tariff, Single or Dual? James T. McCleary. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Telharmonium, The. T. C. Martin. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Theater in France To-day. Cora R. Howland. *World To-day*
 Thirty-Ninth Congress, The. William G. Brown. *Atlantic*
 Tide-Rivers. Lucy Scarborough Conant. *Atlantic*
 Tolstoy as Prophet. Vernon Lee. *No. American*
 Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington. *No. American*
 Tuskegee, 25 Years of. Booker T. Washington. *World's Work*
 Venice, Waters of. Arthur Symons. *Scribner*
 Waterloo, A Week at. Lady De Lancy. *Century*
 Witte, Count De. Percival Gibbon. *McClure*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 92 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Hawaiian Yesterdays:** Chapters from a Boy's Life in the Islands in the Early Days. By Henry M. Lyman, M.D. Illus., Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 281. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2. net.
- A Memoir of Jacques Cartier, Sieur de Limoulin;** his Voyages to the St. Lawrence; a Bibliography and a facsimile of the manuscript of 1534, with annotations, etc. By James Phinney Baxter, A.M. Illus., large Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 484. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$10. net.
- The True Andrew Jackson.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illus., Svo, gilt top, pp. 504. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.
- The Life of John Wesley.** By C. T. Winchester. With portraits, Svo, gilt top, pp. 301. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Sir Walter Scott.** By Andrew Lang. Illus., 12mo, pp. 215. "Literary Lives." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

- The Declaration of Independence: Its History.** By John H. Hazelton. Illus., 4to, gilt top, pp. 629. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.50 net.
- Lectures on Early English History.** By William Stubbs; edited by Arthur Hassell. Large Svo, pp. 391. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4. net.
- The Fight for Canada:** A Sketch from the History of the Great Imperial War. By William Wood. Illus., large Svo, gilt top, pp. 370. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Americans of 1776.** By James Schouler. Svo, gilt top, pp. 317. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2. net.
- A History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York.** Edited by Morgan Dix. Part IV., The Close of the Rectorship of Dr. Hobart and the Rectorship of Dr. Berrian. Illus. in photogravure, 4to, gilt top, pp. 355. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5. net.
- Greece, from the Coming of the Hellenes to A.D. 14.** By E. S. Shuckburgh. Illus., 12mo, pp. 416. "The Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Euripides and the Spirit of his Dramas.** By Paul Decharme; trans. by James Loeb. With frontispiece, large Svo, uncut, pp. 391. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.
- The Launching of a University, and Other Papers: A Sheaf of Remembrances.** By Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D. With photogravure portrait, Svo, gilt top, pp. 386. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.
- American Literary Masters.** By Leon H. Vincent. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 518. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2. net.
- The College Man and the College Woman.** By William De Witt Hyde. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 333. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Studies in Modern German Literature.** By Otto Heller. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 301. Ginn & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Legend of St. Julian.** Trans. from the Latin of the Acta Sanctorum and the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf by Charles William Kennedy. 12mo, pp. 60. Princeton: The University Library.
- What Men Like in Women.** By E. J. Hardy. 12mo, pp. 157. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- Amaryllis at the Fair.** By Richard Jefferies. 12mo, pp. 260. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Poems of Italy:** Selections from the Odes of Gioacchino Carducci; trans., with Introduction, by M. W. Arms. Limited edition; with photogravure portrait, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 42. The Grafton Press. \$1. net.
- Pembroke Booklets.** First Series. Vol. I., Selections from Sir Philip Sidney, Mary Sidney, and Matthew Roydon; Vol. II., Selections from Thomas Traherne, Thomas Vaughan, and John Norris; Vol. III., Selections from Nicholas Breton, George Withey, and William Browne; Vol. IV., Selections from Suckling, Sir Charles Sedley, and John Wilton. Each 16mo, uncut. Hull, England: J. R. Tutin. Paper.
- Orinda Booklets.** Extra Series. Vol. I., Selected Poems of Katherine Philips; Vol. II., Poems and Songs of Robert Heath; Vol. III., The Tale of Narcissus, by Henry Reynolds; Vol. IV., Poems and Songs of Thomas Flatman. Each 16mo, uncut. Hull, England: J. R. Tutin. Paper.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Nero.** By Stephen Phillips. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 200. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in Three Parts.** By Thomas Hardy. Part II., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 302. Macmillan Co. \$1.60 net.
- The Tree of Knowledge.** By Mary A. M. Marks. 16mo, uncut, pp. 173. London: David Nutt.
- The Title-Mart:** A Comedy in Three Acts. By Winston Churchill. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 215. Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.

FICTION.

- The Genius.** By Margaret Potter. 12mo, pp. 447. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- The Dawn of To-Morrow.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 156. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Maid of Athena.** By Lafayette McLawh. Illus., 12mo, pp. 286. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont.** By Robert Barr. Illus., 12mo, pp. 330. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Girl from Tim's Place.** By Charles Clark Munn. Illus., 12mo, pp. 426. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.
- Alton of Somasco:** A Romance of the Great Northwest. By Harold Bindloss. Illus., 12mo, pp. 335. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
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